

The Chronicle History

King. Thou dost not with more helpe from England,
Consen?

War. Gods will my Liege, would you and I alone,
Without more helpe, might fight this battell out.
Why well said. That doth please me better,
Then to wish me one. You know your charge,
God be with you all.

Enter the Herald from the French.

Her. Once more I come to know of thee king *Henry*,
What thou wilt giue for ransome?

King. Who hath sent thee now?

Her. The Constable of *France*.

King. I prethee beare my former answer backe,
Bid them atchieue me, and then sell my bones.
Good God, why should they mocke good fellowes thus?
The man that once did sell the Lyons skin
Vvhile the beast liued, was kild with hunting him.
And many of our bodies shall no doubt
Finde graues within your Realme of *France*:
Though buried in your dunghils, we shall be famed,
For there the Sunne shall greete them,
And draw vp their honors reaking vp to heauen,
Leauing their earthly parts to choake your clime;
The smell whereof, shall breed a plague in *France*;
Marke then abundant valour in our English,
That being dead, like to the bullets crasing,
Breakes foorth into a second course of mischiese,
Killing in relaps of mortality:
Let me speake proudly,
There's not a peece of feather in our Campe,
Good argument I hope we shall not flye,
And time hath worne vs into flouendry.
But by the masse, our hearts are in the trim,
And my poore souldiers tell me, yet ere night

They'l

of Henry the fife.

They'l be in fresher robes, or they will plucke
The gay new cloaths ore your French souldiers eares,
And turne them out of seruice. If they do this,
As if it please God they shall,
Then shall our ransome soone be leuied;
Saue thou thy labour Herald,
Come thou no more for ransome, gentle Herald.
They shall haue nought I sweare, but these my bones:
Which if they haue, as I will leaue vm them,
VWill yeeld them little, tell the Constable.

Her. I shall deliuer so.

Exit Herald.

Yorke. My gracious Lord, vpon my knee I craue
The leading of the vaward.

King. Take it braue *Yorke*.

Come souldiers let's away,
And as thou pleasest God, dispose the day.

Exit.

Enter the foure French Lords.

Gebon. O diabello.

Con. Mor du ma vie.

Orle. O what a day is this!

Bur. O Iour dei houte all is gone, all is lost.

Con. VVe are enow yet liuing in the field,
To smother vp the English,
If any order might be thought vpon.

Bur. A plague of order, once more to the field,
And he that will not follow *Burbon* now,
Let him go home, and with his cap in hand,
Like a base leno hold the chamber doore,
VWhy least by a slaue no gentler then my dog,
His fairest daughter is contamuracke.

Con. Disorder that hath spoild vs, right vs now,
Come we in heapes, wee'l offer vp our liues
Vnto these English, or else die with fame.

E 3

Come